

Fw: The Week Our Reality Broke

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Date: Thursday, July 1st, 2021 at 12:49 PM

----- Forwarded Message -----

From: Tristan Jacob Miano, a.k.a. Thoth IV <thoth@substack.com>

To: "drmiano@yahoo.com" <drmiano@yahoo.com>

Sent: Tuesday, March 30, 2021, 09:37:55 PM EDT

Subject: The Week Our Reality Broke

The Week Our Reality Broke

From the New York Times, Sunday Review, March 14th 2021



"M", Tristan-Gan MIANO

Mar 31   

I found this paper on a bench inside the Downtown Berkeley BART station.

Sunday Review

The New York Times

Leslie Jamison
on the pitfalls of
pandemic nostalgia.

Rachel M. Cohen
on a year of
radical public policy
experiments.

**Maira Khwaja,
Trina Reynolds-Tyler,
Dominique James
and Hannah Nyhart**
on Chicago's
constellation of
mutual aid.

Zachary D. Carter
on how the coronavirus
ended the era of
small government.

Luke Winkie
on what to do
with the New Yorkers
who fled the
city for comfort.

Jennifer Murphy
on working as
an E.M.T. last spring.

Yaryna Serkez
on the charts
that show the
disparities
of Americans'
suffering.

Yolanda Wisher
on remembering
what it felt
like to be touched
and kissed
by strangers.



at property owners. The pandemic has also forced the value of giving homes to people to rise. And, as the pandemic has unfolded, the value of giving homes to people has risen. The pandemic has also forced the value of giving homes to people to rise. And, as the pandemic has unfolded, the value of giving homes to people has risen.

When I had to cancel my wedding and move out of my university apartment,

Melanie Driscoll, 21
Marketing coordinator
South Carolina

When I went home the night of Feb. 26, my husband and I laid out our commitment of "lasts." We planned my last bus commute, our last in-studio yoga class, our last trip to the movies and my last dinner out with my girlfriends for the first week in March.

Tara Sullivan, 49
Development associate
Burlington, Vt.

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We Built Community As Neighbors When we started our mutual aid initiatives on the South Side of Chicago, we wanted to blur the line between 'recipient' and 'volunteer.'

By Maira Khwaja, Trina Reynolds-Tyler, Dominique James and Hannah Nyhart

pers and pantry meals.

The GrabGo was a project of young Black people who wanted to create a neighborhood where everyone had access to food. It was a project of young Black people who wanted to create a neighborhood where everyone had access to food.

Over the past year, Maira, Trina, Dominique and Hannah have been working to create a neighborhood where everyone has access to food. They have been working to create a neighborhood where everyone has access to food.

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food bank items on behalf of others and the mutual checks that we've been sending to each other. We've been sending to each other. We've been sending to each other. We've been sending to each other.

By the end of the summer, five more food banks in the GrabGo model had been started by Black and Latinx people across the South and West Sides. Market had been started by Black and Latinx people across the South and West Sides.

At this year's meeting of the People's Grocery and Market, we will see volunteers, spending time, cooking food, building food banks, building food banks, building food banks, building food banks.

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I went to the grocery store on March 13 to pick up a few items in case people started panic buying. The panic had already set in. When I walked into my normally quiet hometown grocery store, many shelves were empty. The checkout lines wrapped around the store. I thought to myself, "Everything is about to change."

Leslie Lawhorn, 35
Homemaker
Middle Island, N.Y.

I was attending a large birthday dinner party at a friend's house on March 14. My surgeon son texted me, "Leave now! Stay home."

Martin Sando, 71
Artist
Indianapolis



My birthday is on March 11, and I was busy planning my party for the upcoming weekend. Earlier in the week, I sent a defiant message to my guests that the party was still on. The next day I sent another message that the party was canceled. One year later, it still hasn't happened.

Chris Adels, 33
Teacher
New York

Tuesday, Feb. 4, 2020, 7:29 p.m. is the date stamp of a text to my 71-year-old mother: "Just an apocalyptic check in."

Melody Wright, 44
Registered nurse and farmer
Connecticut

When my only grandchild turned 4 years old last March. Even though I live just a few miles away, we agreed, as an extended family, that it was safer for me not to visit. When I saw her in the driveway a few months later, she was wearing her tiny mask.

Mary Allen-Knox, 63
Music teacher
Bloomington, Ind.

Chicago
"Free food!" It was a hot morning in late July, and I was in a line at a food bank. I was in a line at a food bank. I was in a line at a food bank. I was in a line at a food bank.

Chicago
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We Longed For Parties

Here we are
now, older
souls trying to
remember
what it felt to
be touched,
held, kissed by
friends
and strangers.
Photographs
by Jessica
Lehrman, Text
by Yolanda
Wisher

Let us recite an irreverent prayer for the club, the disco, the spot.

For the battleground of our unleashing, the church of our weekly baptisms of the bitter week, the tent show revival of our rapture.

Let us bow our heads and say "Remember when..." as if we are as old as Methuselah, as if we've seen all the world wars and we know the taste of tombstones.

Remember when we danced?

Remember when you did the cha-cha slide, popped and locked, stepped and bounced, worked the week off your bones, let your spirit stretch out across the dance floor, let the bartender and the D.J. be your gurus?

Remember when we used to move among one another like a shaggy herd of buffalo or a plush patch of mushrooms, the invisible antennae on our skin electrified by intermittent touching, random bumping, indifferent brushing by, and in that indifference was a kind of love?

Remember when touching was a way to the moon or a way to assume the glow of a moon?

Remember when we memorialized special occasions in sweat on foreheads, in crevices of the body volcanic with the touch of strangers, the melting heat of a room made only for your joy?

Remember the smell of someone's funk and someone else's sweat and vomit? The hum of fear and lust and envy and joy stinking up the joint, a thick ether of escape and ecstasy?

The feet under the stall. The movements of being exposed and yet hiding behind the curtains of namelessness. The life sticking to your body that is not just your own to claim.

Remember that darkness where when our eyes adjust, we

find the true face of lust?

In the dark where the faces of friends metamorphose into lovers. In the dark where first-timers become old souls, where paradise is regained and remixed on a Saturday night. In the dark where the weekend is promiscuous with hours.

In the dark, we become kissing-friends. Not quite like what Zora Neale Hurston meant but close. We kiss the deepest secrets that lie unknown and unspoken in another's body, in their crook of arms, behind pierced ears, in the leathered lap of an ant-infested couch in the corner. A corner of the world that has seen more love than most.

Inside the club, time is suspended like the charged space between double-Dutch ropes. A space governed by music and the pulse of the universe that echoes in all our chests. We jump in the ropes together. Or we turn the ropes together to weave a space all our own.

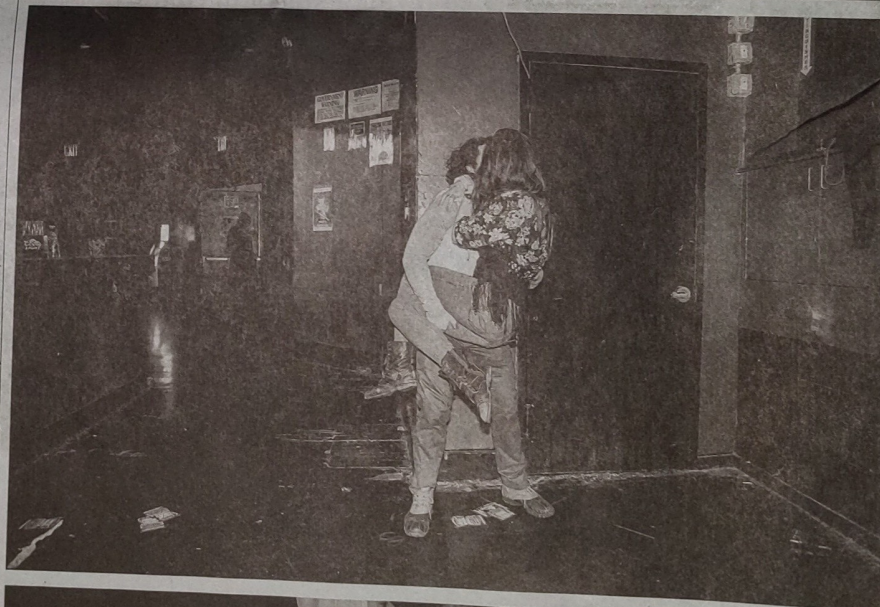
I hear Nina Simone singing "in the dark it's just you and I," but it's not. It's all of us. She sings to "the beat of my poor heart," and it's a million poor hearts beating, but there's no dance floor to keep the time we've all lost.

Kissing was a way to touch the other side of the moon. When you kissed me in the dark that night, time made sense in a way that it doesn't anymore.

Here we are now, older souls trying to remember what it felt to be touched, held, kissed by friends and strangers.

Hurston said, "my tongue is in my friend's mouth," and here I am recalling my no-name in your new mouth.

You pressed fingertips upon my lips, and we danced a dirty dance in front of everyone's eyes and had no cares because our bodies knew a truth about each other. A truth that didn't exist.






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